THE LIFE

AND

TORTURES...

— OF —

Sister Barbara Ubryk

— IN —

The Carmelite Nunnery.

Imprisoned for Twenty-one Years in
an Underground Dungeon
by Mother Superior Josepha, and
Released by the Police.

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WALLED IN NUNS.

REPORTS FROM THE DAILY PRESS.

It is a most significant evidence of the moral obtuseness of the American people, that while all progressive foreign countries which are called Roman Catholic, have either suppressed or opened for public inspection, convents and monasteries, this great professedly Protestant nation not only permits them to continue their nefarious course unmolested, but encourages them by indirect public aid, in exempting them from taxation.

Convents are increasing at an enormous rate in this country, and while used as prisons of life-servitude for American-born girls, are officered and controlled in nine cases out of ten by foreign-born and unnaturalized women and priests.

The following items are taken from recent American dailies :—

LONDON, May 53, 1892.—Two huge petitions were wheeled into the House of Commons this afternoon. They bore the signatures of 138,305 members of the Protestant Alliance and 101,408 members of the Loyal Protestant League and others, praying for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the condition of the convents and monasteries in the United Kingdom.

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 26, 1891.—It is probably difficult for people in the United States, where church and state are quite

distinct in their spheres of action, to understand the recent forcible closing of convents in Puebla and Cholula by an armed force, and amid a popular tumult which resulted in the killing of soldiers and rioters.

But here everybody understands the difficulty to be the result of the clandestine establishment of convents, in defiance of the laws governing religious establishments.

All convents, or other associations of persons under religious vows, are forbidden by law, and a convent of high church Episcopalian nuns or monks would be as promptly closed by the authorities as similar associations of Catholics.

NAPLES, Oct. 21, 1890.—The judicial authorities have instituted proceedings against the superior of the monastery popularly known as the "Convent of the Buried Alive," where the dreadful discoveries of the existence of starving and demented nuns within its walls was recently made. Another domiciliary visit has been made by the police to a conventual refuge of a similar character at Tencuraboli, where no opposition was made to their entrance. From information obtained at this establishment, it was found that institutions for the "Sepolta Vive," or "Buried Alive," under the rule of St. Orsola, are not uncommon. In Vatican circles it is asserted that at the next consistory the Pope will enter a protest against the violation of the monasteries here. In the meantime the priests of this city are sending in their adhesions to the remonstrancee by Cardinal San Felice, Archbishop of Naples, against the recent visitations.

Another account says: "Sixteen nuns were found within a state bordering on insanity. They were covered with rags, and their surroundings were of the most filthy description. Many had forgotten how to speak, and the demeanor of all of them was more like that of animals than human beings. Those who were induced to talk expressed themselves perfectly resigned their fate.

"The cause of the raid upon the nunnery was the desire of the parents of a young girl who had entered the convent to recover her. She had been banished to a nunnery on account of a love affair objectionable to her family. The latter, being unable to communicate with her, had complained to the police,

and an order from the Minister of Justice for her removal was obtained. She was found to be a mere skeleton, and her parents became half-crazed at the condition in which she was discovered. The nunnery has been closed and a strict investigation ordered by the Governor of Naples.

"Later intelligence states that ten more nuns have been released from the subterranean dungeons of the nunnery of 'The Buried Alive' at Naples, which has just been opened by order of the Minister of Justice. Among them were eight young women who had been incarcerated against their will by order of their parents. The police have been ordered to visit all nunneries in Southern Italy which are closed to the public. Cardinal Sanfelice left Naples for Rome to obtain further instructions from the Pope on the subject. Immense excitement has been created by the disclosures."

And so the reports come in from all countries, of vigorous acts of suppression or confiscation, while Americans are giving their money to begging nuns and priests—thus supporting these shameful institutions.

The story of Barbara Ubryk was first brought to our attention by cable dispatches in the daily papers (see Boston *Transcript*, May 15, 1891, and other dailies of about the same date).

It should be remembered that the story of Barbara here given is written from a Roman Catholic standpoint.

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BARBARA UBRYK.

A SWORN STATEMENT.

On the twenty-first day of July, 1869, a man, dressed like a peasant or woodchopper, approached the door of the Police Office in Cracow, and, watching his opportunity, threw into the box a letter directed to the Court of Correction, a court to which any poor and oppressed person can always appeal and be sure of obtaining justice against the oppressor, no matter how rich and powerful.

The strange man immediately disappeared, and was lost to view in the gloom of the rapidly-falling evening. When the letter was opened by the proper magistrate, he uttered an exclamation of astonishment. It read as follows:—

"There is in the Carmelite Convent, close by the Botanical Gardens of the North Suburb, a nun, Barbara Ubryk by name, who prays you, in the love of God, to set her free. She regularly entered the Convent; after serving her Novitiate, in 1846. In 1848, because of alleged bad conduct, of which she declares herself innocent, she was thrust into a half-underground cell next to the privy-sink of the Convent. The cell window was then walled up with bricks and cement, by Fr. Calenski and the Lady Superior, Mother Josepha, no aperture being left to

it but a narrow slit near the top of the wall, about six inches long and two inches wide. But the wall is so thick that no light ever comes in through this slit, and no fresh air. The door has always been kept tight shut and bolted, only being opened once every other day, to allow a crust of bread, or a dish, of mouldy potatoes, and a mug of water, to be put in to poor Barbara. There is nothing in this cell of horror but a little straw; no bed, chair, or table; not even a stool. And the scanty clothes she had upon her when she was first put in the dungeon, have been completely worn out and rotted away years ago. And now this wretched woman, who has thus been buried in this underground vault, which is only eight feet long by six feet wide, for *twenty-one dreadful years!* has almost become a wild beast. She is shrunk away to a skeleton; she is perfectly naked, and her whole body is covered with long, coarse hair like that of some animal. And yet she still hopes for deliverance. If you will send an officer, you will have proof for yourselves. Do not let the Confessor or the Lady Superior put him off; but let him insist on seeing Sister Barbara when he first goes to the Convent."

He who thus read was the Vice Judge of the Court.

"Can such barbarity be possible?" he exclaimed, turning to the President Judge, who was listening.

"I have heard some strange stories about Fr. Calenski and the Lady Superior of the Carmelite Convent," replied the latter. "I do not think the bishop can be aware of all that goes on there; for though he is a good and holy man himself, his

nature is unsuspicious, and they can deceive him easily if they are in collusion with each other. At any rate I will immediately write to him and ask his permission to investigate this horrible story."

The President Judge at once wrote the proposed letter, and enclosing the anonymous note, called an officer of the court, and dispatched them to the bishop's palace. On presenting the letter to the prelate, he was astounded; and yet, bethinking himself of many anonymous communications which in times gone by had been sent to him by evil-disposed persons, he remarked that this was doubtless of a like character and would be found to be false. At the same time he promptly wrote the necessary order for the admission of the officer to the Convent, so that the Judge might see for himself that the story was a base fabrication.

In a short time the officer of the Court of Correction was at the Carmelite Convent knocking for admission. The Sister, who opened the door, asked him his business. He showed her the order of the bishop, and requested to see Barbara Ubryk. The portress turned pale, and stammered that it was impossible, she thought, but she would go and inform the Mother Josepha.

With the shrewd perception that policemen invariably acquire in their profession, the officer perceived that the story was true. He therefore instantly, but with all proper respect, laid his hand upon the portress and said:—

"Pardon me, but I command you, in the name of the emperor, not to do so. In the name of the em-

peror, I also command you to lead me directly to the cell of Sister Barbara Ubryk!"

Perceiving that resistance and evasion were alike useless, the portress led the officer into the Convent, then down a flight of stone steps, then along several damp, gloomy corridors, and finally halted before the vault door behind which languished Sister Barbara. It was locked; and, as the key was in the possession of the Lady Superior, she was summoned to come and open it. At first she was furiously angry, and threatened the officer to have him punished by the bishop. But when he showed her his authority, directly from the bishop himself, she became deadly pale. Quickly recovering herself, however, she tried her keys, and pretending not to be able to find the right one, she requested the officer to come again in the afternoon, by which time the cell would be opened.

The latter, seeing through this shallow artifice, took the keys himself and soon opened the door. As he did so he actually staggered back, almost overcome by the horrible stench that rushed forth out of the cell. He could not see the imprisoned nun, for the dungeon was perfectly dark. But a half-wild cry, issuing from the dreadful gloom, told him that the captive was at least alive, and he instantly ordered a light to be brought. When it came, and he entered the den, or rather leaned in, the sight that met his gaze appalled him. Only for a few moments did he look upon the living thing—once a woman, now almost a wild animal—that crouched in the farthest corner, and then stepping back into the passage, and partially closing the door, he exclaimed:

"God of heaven! that is the most horrible sight I ever beheld, and I have seen a good many in my time! I command you to send at once to the President Judge of the Court of Correction, and tell him to come immediately here, and to bring the bishop with him!"

At hearing this the Lady Superior sank on her knees, and begged the bishop might not be summoned. Anything but that. But the officer was inexorable.

"I will stand here on guard," he said, "so that nothing may be disturbed, and the bishop shall see you in your true garb."

Within a short time the bishop, accompanied by the President Judge of the Court of Correction, arrived at the Convent, and as they came up to the faithful officer, he threw open the cell door and bade them look in upon the scene.

The party all then entered, though they were obliged to hold their handkerchiefs tightly over their mouths and noses, to prevent the stench from making them sick.

Sister Barbara, crouching in a heap in the corner, shrieked in terror: "Oh, do not beat me again! I will obey! I am so hungry! Pity me and give me a little meat, and I will obey! I will say it was my fault! Oh! oh!"

She ended her supplication with a shrill, wild, yet suppressed, wailing scream, and huddled herself still closer into the corner. No one spoke for horror and wonderment, during the space of several minutes; but all continued to gaze, first at the naked,

wild creature that had once been a beautiful girl, and then at the Lady Superior, and the nuns who had gathered about. In this dungeon, covered with filth, in the midst of which were a broken plate with two mouldy potatoes upon it, and a black jug of water beside it; in this hole, without fire, bed, table, or any article of furniture; into which the light of a sunbeam had never entered for twenty-one years, had the inhuman Superioress and Confessor buried that poor girl, who should have been their companion in religious love. During all that long, dreary time, had they and the Sisters passed and repassed the living tomb of unfortunate, helpless Barbara, many times daily, without looking in upon her, or giving her a word of pity.

Alas! wretched victim! Then such a young, lovely girl—now a wild, frightful-appearing, semi-human beast; her body entirely nude, bristling with long, jagged hair, filth and vermin; her limbs shrunk and bent like withered sticks, her head and hair squalid and diseased; her thin, hollow cheeks nearly touching each other, and her great, wild eyes flashing and glaring out from their deep sockets! There she cowered and kneeled before the bishop. He gazed upon her awhile, and then, as great tears of pity rolled down his face, he went to her and gently attempted to raise her up, speaking words of kindness, hope and comfort in her ears, that had long been used only to abuse. But her intellect was too much shattered to comprehend him, and she shrank from him in abject terror. Then his anger burst forth, and, turning suddenly upon the Lady Superior and her sister nuns, he exclaimed:

"Oh, wicked, wicked woman! Is this your sisterly love? Is shis the way you expect to come to Heaven? You are not women! you are not sisters! No! you are furies!"

Writhing under his terrible words, some of the sisters began to excuse themselves, and stammer forth explanations; but the bishop instantly rebuked them and would not listen to them, exclaiming:

"Silence! silence, wretches! miserable creatures! You utterly disgrace religion! Away! be gone out of my sight! Naught that you can do will ever atone for this horrible iniquity!"

At this instant, Fr. Calenski, the Confessor, who had just come in, and was in ignorance of what had occurred, entered the cell to see what the excitement was, never dreaming that his bishop stood there to upbraid him for his villainy. The bishop ordered the Confessor and the Lady Superior to stand together before him, and in the presence of all administered to them the most scathing denunciation for their crimes, concluding as follows:

"I not only suspend you of all your powers and authority, but I also shall turn you over to the civil authorities, to be dealt with as they may decide. Your convent shall be abolished, and I shall see that the mantle of the Church shall not shield you from punishment!"

Before he and the officers left, he ordered poor Barbara to be washed and clothed, and taken to clean apartments. As the attendants were leading her away she asked:

"You won't take me back to my grave, will you? Why did you bury me there? I did not deserve it. Yes! yes! I have broken my vows; but these, these are no angels! These Sisters are far worse than I am!"

At this instant she seemed to remember her wrongs from the Confessor, and, rushing at him with her hands clenched and her eyes fairly blazing, she shrieked out the words:

"Oh, you beast! you beast!"

With these words she fell at his feet insensible, and was carried away.

Every appliance that skill could command was put in requisition, and, tenderly cared for, poor Barbara began to mend. But towards evening she became so wild and excited that it was found necessary to take her to the mad-house. When she saw the sunshine and the green grass in the Convent garden, as her attendants were taking her away the next morning to the asylum, she was convulsed with joy; and, breaking away, she flung herself down and kissed the waving green blades with the most frantic delight. Not long did she do so, however, for the shock of going into the fresh air overcame her, and once more she became insensible; in which condition she was conveyed to her new quarters.

For sometime she could not lie in a bed, but would constantly be getting up and pulling back the carpet so that she might crouch or lie down upon the bare board floor.

As was to be expected, when the story of Barbara's cruel treatment was noised about the city, the

infuriated populace, although nine-tenths of them are devout Catholics, rushed to the Convent, and at once attacked it. The military were called out, and only succeeded in saving the building from utter destruction by their discretion, patience and bravery. But as that has been detailed in the newspapers, we proceed with the victim's own account of her dreadful imprisonment.

HER OWN NARRATIVE.

After the death of my father in 1843, at which time I was sixteen years old, my mother moved from the city of Vienna to the residence of her sister, my aunt, Paulina Bertholenski, a short distance from Cracow. For a year previous to this I had been receiving the attentions of a young gentleman of Vienna, and, in fact, we were betrothed, for I loved him very dearly, and he had asked me for wife. He did not love me, however, as I did him, for when, on my father's death, it was found that I would not inherit much wealth, my suitor became suddenly cold, and finally asked to be released from his engagement to me. Though my poor heart was broken, I bade him farewell, resolving never to have another suitor. People used to say I was beautiful; and many times after this event my mother chided me for refusing the attentions of several young gentlemen who desired to court me.

My natural disposition was one of much gaiety; but I now became a victim to melancholy, which made my mother extremely angry with me, so much so that she sometimes struck me, and forced me to see gentlemen calling at our house. Once she reproached with the remark that if I did not soon get married I would always be a burden to her. This drove me crazy; and, in a moment of grief, I resolved on entering the Carmelite Convent.

"Mother, dear mother," said I one day, after determining what I intended to do, "I love you, and

would like to obey you, but I cannot marry. I could give no man my love, and would therefore bring him only misery. Yet will I not be a burden on you. I will bid adieu to the world, with its frivolities, and go and live as a Carmelite in the Cracow Convent. There, in pious converse and happy contentment, I will pass the remainder of my days in prayer and meditation.''

My proposition pleased my mother, and in a short time afterward I began my novitiate, that ended in my assuming the veil and vows of a Carmelite nun in 1846.

During the time that I was passing my novitiate, the Lady Superior, Josepha, was exceedingly kind to me, never speaking to me except with a gracious and sweet smile upon her face, and often doing me many little, kindly favors that were really against the rules of the Convent. Fr. Calenski, during this time, also was kind to me, but maintained a distance towards me that he did not exhibit towards the other inmates of the institution; though, from the glances that I accidentally discovered him sometimes casting at me, I felt that he took a particular interest in me.

I thought now that my life was the most delightful one in the world; that I would never grow tired of it, and I yearned daily for the hastening of the time when I should complete the course of duty that would entitle me to become a nun of the order. At last this long-wished-for day arrived; and, amidst the most solemn ceremonies, I took the required vows and received upon my forehead the sisterly

kiss from the Carmelite nuns that sealed me as one of themselves for life. I was now a nun; a member of the order in full, cut off forever from the outside, wicked world. Oh, how intense was my joy, and how sweetly did I slumber that night on my humble pallet! Could I have only died during that sweet sleep, from what an eternity of sorrow would I have been saved!

Nothing of any note occurred for a month or two subsequent to my assumption of the vows, though it did not miss my observation that there was somewhat of a change in the deportment toward me of both the Lady Superior and Fr. Calenski. Whereas the former had heretofore been so extraordinarily kind and familiar, she was now much more cold, distant and even haughty. The change in Fr. Calenski was not so marked; yet still it was very perceptible. Instead of treating me with more reserve than my companions, as he had formerly done, he was now more familiar and more pleasant with me than with any of them. I did not then perceive his wicked object; but afterwards, when I was languishing in my living tomb, the whole plot stood revealed before me in all its horror.

I well remember the first occasion on which he commenced his advances to me. For some trifling offence in the supper room—striking my knife thoughtlessly against my plate while one of the Sisters was reading to us—Mother Josepha, as we called the Lady Superior, ordered me to remain all the next day fasting in my cell. Punishments were so often ordered to us by the mothers of the Con-

vent—the four oldest nuns were called mothers—that we did not think hard of them, and I was enduring mine in all humility and resignation.

About half the afternoon had passed away, and I was engaged in reading the "Lives of the Saints," when suddenly, and of course unexpectedly, the door opened, and Fr. Calenski came in, shutting to the door after him. I was surprised and nonplussed by this, and rose quickly to my feet.

"Daughter," said he, "I see you are alarmed."

"Not alarmed, father," replied I, "but startled."

"Yes, yes," was his reply, "that is the proper word, 'startled,' for of course you could not be alarmed by me."

He laughed, and gave me a meaning look as he made this answer.

I brought him the cell stool to sit upon, and when he had sat down, I kneeled before him in accordance with my duty, and awaited what he had to say; supposing, of course, it would be instruction and pious conversation.

For a short time he did so converse with me, respecting my duties, devotions, and so forth. Then suddenly he changed his manner and tone entirely, and said:—

"Barbara, does not Mother Josepha often order you to fast now?"

"Yes, father," I replied.

"Ah, that is not right! And she commands you also, rather frequently, the penance of flagellation with the thongs, does she not?"

"She does, father," I replied.

"I must stop all that, or she will ruin your loveli-
ness of face and admirable contour of figure.
Barbara, do you know you are beautiful?"

"Thanks to heaven, father," said I. "I think no
more of it now. Before I took upon me the vows of
a holy profession—ere I left the vain, foolish world—
I was called beautiful; but whenever I look upon
yonder skull I think to what an end mere beauty
must come."

"That is exceedingly correct and proper on your
part, Barbara; but you must not fix your thoughts so
entirely on the future as to lose sight altogether of
pleasures within your grasp for the present."

As he said this he placed his arm upon my
shoulder and drew himself, still sitting on the stool,
closer to me. So complete was my confidence in the
holiness of Fr. Calenski, that even his strange lan-
guage and still stranger movements did not awaken
any suspicion within me, and I therefore did not
change my position. But when a moment later he
bent down and kissed me full on the lips, a fright-
ened chill flashed through my whole frame, and I
started back and looked up at him in wonder.

"Why, daughter, you are frightened! Is the
kiss of a father, who loves you as a child, so dread-
ful?" and he again drew himself close to me.

I knew not what I was about, nor what to do, and
in my bewilderment I made reply, half stammer-
ingly:—

"No, father, but it is so strange; so unusual, so—
I scarcely know what to tell you."

"There, there, Barbara," he laughed, "I know it is a little unusual now, but in future you will get used to that, and more too, from me. It is my love for you. But I must go now. Rise, daughter."

I obeyed mechanically, and stood waiting for what else the Confessor had to say. He also rose and said:—

"Before I go, Barbara, I will interpose my superior authority and relieve you from punishment. Here, I leave you some seed-cakes, and some dried fruit, and to-morrow I will bring you something better. And remember, when Mother Josepha orders you any penance, I relieve you from it."

"But, holy father—" remonstrated I, trembling at the idea of such a thing.

"Never you mind, daughter!" interrupted he, smiling and placing his hand playfully over my mouth. "You must obey me; I am superior above Mother Josepha, and she, I think, has a little too much zeal in punishing you, because I have spoken sometimes to her of my liking for you. In the outside world she would be called jealous. But I must go now; you will mind what I tell you."

After saying this Fr. Calenski went out of the cell, leaving me a prey to most conflicting and harassing thoughts. What should I do? I endeavored to interpret his singular conduct favorably against my own intuitive judgment that it was at least wrong, if not wicked. The cakes and fruit that he had brought me were exceedingly tempting, and as I had been punished much by fasting that week, I ate all of the refreshment. The cakes tasted not only delicious,

but, as I thought, somewhat peculiar. So likewise did the fruit, each piece of which I noticed had been cut open on the ends.

After the repast I sat down upon my pallet and recommenced reading the "Lives of the Saints." After awhile I began to feel drowsy. To shake this off I arose and walked about my cell briskly; but I became so sleepy, in spite of all my efforts to keep awake, that at last I sank down in a heavy slumber upon the pallet.

How long I slept thus I could not tell; but when I at last aroused it was dark. Terrified at my negligence, I tried to spring up; but such an apparent languor had possession of my limbs that I could only rise to a sitting posture. At this instant I also became aware that I was not alone, for some one moved about in my cell, and in a moment or two a small wax taper was lit by my companion, who was none other than Fr. Calenski.

"You have had a long sleep, Barbara," said he, reaching the taper upon a small shelf on which were my books, and coming and sitting down beside me.

So heavy had been my slumber, or rather torpor, that I now felt half listless, like a person in a dream, and though I looked at Fr. Calenski I made no reply, as both my will and power seemed completely overcome or torpid. After a few moments' silence he said in a bantering tone, and giving me a little shake:

"Come, Barbara, rouse up a little and let me talk with you."

Then placing one arm around my waist he pressed me to him so strongly as to nearly drag me off my pallet, and hurt me very much. At the same time, taking from his vestments a phial of pungent vaporous extract, he held it beneath my nostrils, causing me to inhale it. So sharp was the vapor that it strangled me, and made the tears spring into my eyes, and caused me to utter a cry of agony. Dashing down the phial as though in anger and alarm, he exclaimed :

"Ah ! little fool, don't make any noise ! There now, be quiet."

At this moment he placed both arms around me and drew me to him.

Whether it was this act or the effect of the pungent liquid in the bottle which broke the languor that enthralled me, I do not know; but, instantly recovering my strength, I sprang away from my companion, striking him in the face, and screaming out :

"Go away out of my cell, Fr. Calenski ! Why do you behave so wickedly ?"

I shall never forget the horrible expression that came over his features when I screamed. In an instant he bounded up, put out the taper, and seizing me roughly, gave me a heavy blow with his open hand on the side of my head, saying, in a low, hissing tone :

"Silence! if you utter another scream, I'll kill you ! You'll disturb all the Sisters, and have Mother Josepha here !"

My spirit was up now, however, that the Confessor had thus uncloaked his villainous intentions, and I

replied instantly, as I recovered from the staggering effects of the blow he had dealt me:

"Shame, Fr. Calenski! shame to you! Though you are our Confessor, I fear you not; and if you do not instantly leave my cell, I shall scream for help! Now, then, go; or I will rouse the whole Convent! I do not care if you kill me for it!"

"Hush! Barbara, hush! replied Fr. Calenski, "I am going out. Be quiet, and I will not lay hands on you again. Remember, however," he continued, in a low, bitter tone, "that I will punish you for this behavior, so that you will pray for death ten times a day. You have repulsed me, and now you shall see what my power is. I will torture you well; believe me, but I will!"

There was something in his manner that sent a chill of apprehension through me. Yet, feeling strong in the right, I banished the momentary fear, and was in the act of making a reply, when suddenly the door was opened and there stood Mother Josepha with a lamp and bunch of keys in her hand.

"What is that stupid fool bawling about?" asked she of Fr. Calenski, after stepping in and closing the door tight. "Sister Agatha and Lucie, next above, told me they heard her scream out your name, and also something else that they could not make out. There will be a pretty fuss if this comes to the bishop's ears. I really do wish that you would be more careful!"

These last words were directed to the Confessor, and, from the looks that he and Mother Josepha exchanged between them, the new and horrible revela-

tion was made clear to me that she was as bad as he was, and that both, instead of being the holy persons they seemed, were only whited sepulchres, full of loathsomeness. My brain reeled as this conviction flashed upon me, and, losing my judgment and discretion, I boldly accused them of what I thought them guilty. When I had finished, they looked at each other, and next at me. Then both stepped to the farthest corner of the cell, and whispered for several minutes together, talking in French, which I did not sufficiently understand to know exactly what they said; though I knew enough to make out that it was what they should do with me. At the conclusion of the conversation, both left my cell, Mother Josepha last. As she was going out, she said to me in a tone I never forgot:—

"Girl, you own silly lips have sealed your doom!"

A moment more, and I was alone. Oh, what terrible thoughts and dread filled my mind! What had I done? What would be done with me? I now knew the Confessor and Lady Superior to be wicked; and yet, alas! I knew also that here in the Convent they had the supreme power. In their hands I was helpless. I was aware that they intended to do something dreadful to me, not only out of personal enmity to me, but also to prevent me from making any damaging disclosures. I at once concluded that they would take my life; and I composed my mind to meet my fate.

DOWN IN THE DUNGEON.

For a week I remained in my cell, not being allowed to come out, except when I was accompanied by Mother Josepha and Mother Cecilia, who was next in authority to the Lady Superior. Mother Cecilia, I noticed, seldom spoke to me; and her manner was that of a person who is in charge of a lunatic. She would watch every motion of mine, no matter how trival, and she seemed to be afraid of me.

At the end of the week, one Friday evening after Vespers, and when all the Sisters had gone to their cells for the night, my door was opened by Mother Josepha, who ordered me to come out, as she wanted me to do some menial labor in the kitchen for punishment. I knew it would be useless to resist, so I arose and followed her.

She led me down stairs to the foundation floor of the Convent, then along a cold, damp corridor, near the end of which was a heavy oaken door, padlocked on the outside. Putting down her lamp, Mother Josepha proceeded to unlock this door. Instinct told me what was coming; and that, instead of taking me from my cell to do kitchen work, the Lady Superior intended to imprison me in that cellar cell.

The idea of escape rushed upon my mind, and I turned my head to look around the corridor, a dim hope rising within me that I might run and escape out of the building. But, as I turned thus, there I beheld, standing close behind me, with a vengeful, wicked smile upon his face, Fr. Calenski, who must have come noiselessly out of the passage-way.

The plan had been well laid. In case, as was supposed by my persecutors, I might make an attempt at escaping, the Confessor had thus quietly followed our footsteps, in order that he might be ready to render all the brute force which might be necessary to overcome my resistance.

By this time the door was opened, and Mother Josepha told me to go into the dungeon.

"Yes, Barbara, go in!" added Fr. Calenski, with a demon-like satisfaction in his manner, as he waved his hand toward the cell.

For a moment I was undecided, and then, bethinking me how little resistance would avail me, I crossed the dreaded threshold. When inside, I asked:—

"Mother Josepha, how long must I stay here?"

"*Till you die, Barbara!*"

These words were uttered by Fr. Calenski, and in a tone that chilled my heart with despair. An instant more, and the thick oaken door was closed, the padlock secured, and I was alone in my living tomb.

After I had been left thus solitary for some minutes, I began to think of the size of my dungeon, of its accommodations, and so forth, stoutly resolving to bear up bravely under my afflictions and oppression. Knowing that it would be many hours yet before daylight came, I began to grope around the room to ascertain what was in it. I began at the door and moved towards the right, feeling the wall and floor as high as I was able to reach up, and as far as I could reach out my arms. The wall was of stone, cemented, and the floor of heavy oaken

planks, so mortised and fitted together as to make it like a solid oak block.

When I state that this underground vault was only eight feet long, six feet wide and an inch or two over six feet high, in the middle of the ceiling, which was arched, it may easily be supposed that my groping search did not occupy more than a few moments, and resulted in discovering, first, that the walls were perfectly bare, and second, that the floor was the same, with the exception of two small hutches of straw in one corner—the two together weighing about nine pounds—and a sort of privy seat, such as are to be found in prisons. This seat was fixed, and evidently led down into the general cesspool or sink of the Convent. I was convinced of this from the frightful smell that came up out of it.

By leaping up with all my strength, I could sometimes touch the ceiling with my fingers. My object in thus jumping up was to ascertain where the window was. I thought there must be a window in the ceiling, as in the end wall the only aperture I had felt was like a narrow slit, in the bottom of which I could just insert my four fingers flat across. How long it was I could only tell by jumping up and running my fingers up to the top of the slit. That it opened into the air I knew from the rush of cold wind which would once in a while come in.

This was all that I could discover, and the violent exertion of the leaping so wearied me that I undid the two hutches of straw, and, spreading it out smoothly, I threw myself down on it, and soon fell into a profound slumber.

When I awoke I felt very stiff in my limbs, and had a dreadful pain in my back and loins. I thought I must have been asleep for a very long time, yet I saw not the expected daylight ; so, not feeling sleepy any more, I sat up and awaited the coming of the dawn.

Hour after hour passed away, yet still my dungeon was as dark as when I first entered it. I got up and walked about, and jumped, laid down and sat up, got up and went through the same exercises as before, over and over again, looking, always looking, for the appearance of the precious sunshine.

By the time I had been thus awake for twelve or fourteen hours, I knew that I was doomed never to see the light again while I remained in this grave. Then I fell to crying, and wept myself asleep. Again I woke up and was still alone in utter darkness. Hunger, too, and thirst, added their pangs and began to make me feel weak. Again, therefore, I searched, with my hands, every inch of the floor, in the dim hope that, while I had slept, my persecutors had perhaps come and left me a little food and drink. But, no ; there was nothing but the bare floor.

Once more I began a weary, listless watching for something. I knew not what. After many more hours of silent horror I heard some one at the door, which caused me to scream out with very joy that the dreadful monotony was about to be broken. The door was opened, and there stood Fr. Calenski with a lamp in one hand, a pitcher of water in the other, and a portion of a stale loaf of bread under his arm. He came in, and, shutting the door after him, gave

me the bread and water, which I eagerly devoured as I was literally famished. While I was eating he stood watching me, as though I were a wild beast, and when I asked him to please tell me how long I was to stay there, how long I had been there, and what time it now was, he said I had been there two days, or about forty-eight hours; that I would be fed every forty-eight hours for the rest of my life, and that never again would I see the light of day, so it made no difference to me what time it was now. He then continued:—

"You have almost exposed both me and Mother Josepha. The rest of the Sisters are suspecting things, and all because you were foolish enough to resist me. Now I have arranged everything. It is given out that you attempted to kill us; that you have become raving mad, and so dangerous as to force us to confine you in this cell. You are now in my power and I can do as I please with you here, and the more you cry for help, the less likely will it be that you get any, even if your cries are heard at all!"

I was utterly helpless in that bad man's power, as he had truly said, and when he had left my dungeon I indeed felt like a wretch! a blighted outcast, indeed! My woman's strength and resolution were no match against overpowering force. For a long, long time I lay half insensible upon my heap of straw, and then, when I grew stronger and collected my senses, I became a prey to the most harrowing thoughts. I asked myself a hundred times, why was it that I was permitted by Heaven to be so

dreadfully used? I, who had never harbored even an ill-will to any living creature. During what I calculated to be the next two weeks Fr. Calenski came to my dungeon eight or ten times. On the occasion of his last visit, he said :—

"I am tired of you now, why don't you die or go really crazy?"

I begged him in every way I knew how to set me free, or at least take me out of the dungeon. I promised solemnly never to speak one word about the past. But he only laughed at me, and remarked that that was a risk that neither he nor Mother Josepha could incur. Then I implored him for something to employ myself with.

"I will go mad if I am kept here!" I cried, wildly.

"Well, go mad!"

With these words, spoken with the most intensely cruel expression, the Confessor left me and locked the door, after which it must have been two years before I saw him again.

HOW SHE PASSED HER TIME.

After this last visit the strange impression fixed itself indelibly upon my mind that I would live many long years in this awful dungeon; but after that I would be rescued and taken out. In my childhood days I had read with much avidity the narratives and histories of the victims who had lived in dungeons in the Bastile and other prisons from youth till exceeding old age, enduring all the sufferings of cold and hunger, and torture; and felt that I was

to become just such a victim. Strange as it may seem, yet it is true, that after this conviction took possession of me I resigned myself to my fate, and laid out my plans and methods for occupying my mind so as to pass time away.

One of these was to count the hairs on my head. My hair had begun to grow long. This generally kept me employed for three or four of what I used to call days. Every hundred hairs that I counted I would tie with cotton, a spool of which, with a needle and a paper of small pins, was everything I had about me when first placed in the dungeon. In the course of time my cotton wore completely out, and then I used a strand of hair in place of it.

Another source of employment my hair afforded me was to take six, eight or twelve single strands and plait them so all over my head, and then do all up into some supposed fancy style, and wonder how I looked, and what people would say if they could see me.

Still another means of employment I made for myself was to construct fancy articles out of the straw that served me for a bed. Beside these, I wove out of it with my fingers and teeth a rug or carpet that covered nearly half the floor. The outside edges of this I trimmed with a fancy fringe made out of the beards, or heads, that had contained the grains of wheat. The latter I carefully picked out and ate; and I well recollect how delicious these stray grains used to taste to me, because I was always so hungry.

In the course of time my eyes became so accustomed to the darkness that I could distinctly see all

the little articles I had made, and from the difference in the amount of what light did get in at the slit in the wall, I got to be able to tell night from day quite easily; though to any one else all this would have been perfect darkness continually.

All I longed for to complete my happiness was a pet of some description; a cat, a rat, a spider, a beetle, an ant, or anything to which I could talk, and which I could make love me and stay with me. And I recollect how nearly crazy I was with delight when one day a little mouse, that had run into the slit of a window, fell down upon the floor of my dungeon. I bounded to it, picked it up tenderly, kissed it, and cried bitterly over it because it seemed badly stunned by the fall. After a while, however, the little animal recovered, and in a short time became quite sociable. He and I soon got to be attached to each other, and would play together for hours. Even this pleasure was taken from me; for in a few months the mouse sickened and died. No one can imagine how intense was the agony of my grief when my little pet was dead. I mourned for it several years, as though it had been a darling child.

Sometimes I found employment and amusement in the same way I once raed that the prisoner of the Bastile had done, which was this: Taking all my pins in my hand, I would shut my eyes and then throw them singly behind me; and when I had cast all away, I would go down on my hands and knees to hunt them up again. But I became so expert at the finding of them, that it afforded me but little employment.

One greatest trouble to me, and one which at times drove me nearly mad, was that I had no water with which to keep myself clean, aud I became covered with vermin.

At times when Mother Josepha, accompanied by by one of the other mothers—or, as was occasionally the case, by a sister—I would beg in the name of God for a little water to wash myself. It was always refused me, and I would then rave about my dungeon, screaming and beating the door with my fists till they bled again.

By the time ten years had gone by my clothes were so rotten and worn away that they would no longer stay on me. Often during the latter part of this time I had sewed them together with the strands of hair that I pulled out of my head for that purpose. But nothing would hold them; and I therefore was obliged to go about my dungeon completely naked.

To add to the horror of my situation, the privy pipe sometimes became filled up, or the Convent cesspool overflowed. Which it was I do not know. The result, however, was that my dungeon would become filthy in the extreme. Oh, how often have I gone down on my poor bleeding knees and prayed Mother Josepha to have some little mercy on me or kill me dead. Yet all my entreaties seemed only to render that woman's heart more stony. Nay, more, she actually delighted in the torture she thus inflicted upon me.

SHE BECOMES INSANE.

One day in the midst of my desolation something seemed to break inside my brain; and for hours afterwards I experienced the strangest sensations. I became wild with some dreadful, undefinable fear. I dreaded something, I knew not what. I leaped and jumped and laughed and cried and beat myself against the wall and screamed with all my might. Then I knew I was mad at last—insane!

Just after I experienced this terrible feeling, Mother Josepha, in company with Fr. Calenski, opened the door, the latter having in his hand a long, heavy strap, like a knout. I could not stop screaming, though he ordered me to be quiet. Then he beat me till I fell down. After which he and Mother Josepha went away.

How many years I remained in this condition I do not know, but the only recollection I have of it is being often so very cold and hungry and dirty, and being often beaten with the knout or a heavy walking-cane.

While this spell was on me I knew I used to rave a great deal, and I always remember how often Mother Josepha, with some of the Sisters, would come to the door and gaze at me. And how the Sisters would hold up their hands in horror and say:—

"What an awful, wild lunatic poor Barbara has become!"

And I remember, too, how terribly angry these remarks used to make me, and how much worse I used to be afterwards. I cannot tell how long my

insanity continued; but it left me just as suddenly as it had come on.

One night I lay down in my filthy, rotten straw, and went to sleep, and when I awoke I was in my right mind. The strangest part of my recollection is that from the moment I was placed in this dungeon up to the day I recovered from my insanity, I never had had one dream. Sometimes I used to think to myself, if I could only dream about my young days, about my mother and father and sisters and brothers; about the green fields and the rivers, the flowers and trees, how happy I could be, at least in my sleep. But after I became sane again, I began to dream not only in my sleep but even when awake.

No one can imagine what a delight this was to me. And while I dreamed I used to think, I hope I will not wake up now till my dream is done. Then, when I was awake, I would sit hour by hour conjuring up scenes of pleasure in my past life; every place, time and occurrence passing in review before me exactly like a panorama in the most vivid reality. At such times, though, if any one came to the door I would not allow the interruption to break the pleasing trance.

It may seem a strange assertion for me to make, but so habituated had I become to the filth and suffering of my situation that I now looked on it all with the calmness of despair. Yet, I did not despair. Oh no! had I done so I should have died long ago. I never ceased praying except, perhaps, during the years that I was insane. But before, and since that,

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I have never failed to pray morning, noon and night, not only for myself but also for my enemies, who were thus torturing and persecuting me so frightfully. Like a star in the great, dark distance, was that precious, precious comfort from God's Holy Word:—

"Not a sparrow falls to the ground without He knows it."

I kept my eyes fixed on that star through all my twenty-one years of agony. Nothing could blot it out; no cloud could hide its cheering rays from my poor eyes. All for the best. It is my lot to suffer here, and in His own good time God will reach out His omnipotent arm and pluck me forth out of this dreary dungeon. This was always my thought, and when I revert to my happy deliverance, it seems as though that unfailing star came nearer and nearer till it burst into my dungeon, drove out all the gloom, and filled it with pure light. Thank God for His mercy and goodness to me, the most unworthy of His creatures.

HOW SHE WAS FINALLY RELEASED.

A few weeks before I was released from my dreadful dungeon I was one night startled by the appearance at my door of Sister Mary, one of the oldest nuns next to the mothers in the Convent. It was not so much the mere fact of her coming, for no one had been near me for nearly three days, and I was very weak from hunger. But what surprised me was that she was alone.

"Where is Mother Josepha?" I asked.

darkest and direst of my afflictions and oppression—that some day He would by some means in His kind providence set me free.

It was at least ten days before I again saw Sister Mary, and during these days and nights I suffered all the torments of suspense. At one time I thought that perhaps she had been watched by Fr. Calenski and Mother Josepha, and been herself imprisoned in some dismal dungeon like my own, at which I wept for hours. Then I would imagine that perhaps she had been forced to give up her attempts to free me on account of the vigilance of my persecutors. Yet again the terrible idea would flit across my mind, like the shadow of an ill-omened bird, that Sister Mary was perhaps in some way in league with my oppressors. But I banished this, the moment it presented itself, as unworthy.

No! no! I could not suspect that good and noble sister of treachery! She who, of all those in the Convent, had made her way down to my dreary dungeon in the dead hours of the night, bringing me delicious food, and most precious of all, words of kindness and hope and cheer. Yes, yes, I would trust her.

On the tenth night of her absence, just after one o'clock, I was roused from the dreamy, semi-unconsciousness I used to call sleep, by the noise of somebody unfastening the padlock of my dungeon door. I started up, fearing that the visitor might be Fr. Calenski or Mother Josepha, and yet hoping it might be Sister Mary. It was Sister Mary, and I

could hardly express a scream of exquisite delight as I heard her friendly voice, in low tones, say :

"Are you awake, Sister Barbara?"

"Yes, I am awake. Oh, dearest Sister Mary, how sweet it is to hear your voice!"

Without answering she came in, and closing the door after her, opened a small lantern which, though dim enough in reality, seemed so excessively bright to my eyes as to make them ache. Setting this down, Sister Mary next produced two or three slices of soft, white bread between which were two or three very small bits of bacon. She gave me this—to me—tremendous quantity of food, and said :

"Sister Barbara, until to-night I have been unable to come to you, neither have I been able to do anything for your release. But do not think I am cold or neglectful. Depend on me and have patience. Either Fr. Calenski or Mother Josepha would not hesitate to kill me outright, or else bring me here and shut me up for life with you in this dreadful den, if they even suspected me of my design. Even now I am running a great risk in coming to you. But I could not help it. I felt that I must speak to you again. I may not be able to see you any more before I make known your case outside the Convent. I will try every method, and if I see no other way within a week, then I will watch my opportunity, escape out of the building into the street, go to the Court of Correction and state your case before the judge, who will certainly give ear to the statement and investigate it immediately."

"Why not speak directly to the bishop when he next comes here?" asked I.

"Ah, poor Barbara, you little know how impossible that would be. Not that our bishop is not a holy man; but that I would have no opportunity to do as you suggest. And even were I to do so, the Confessor and Mother Josepha would tell the bishop I was crazy or something of that sort, and not bring him to your dungeon."

"Well, dearest Sister Mary," replied I, "do as seems best to you on my behalf, and I will ever pray for blessings upon you for your kindness and love."

"Be of good cheer, Barbara," said Sister Mary, taking up her lantern preparatory to leaving me, "be of good cheer; you shall soon be free now, or I will perish in my attempt to make you so. Farewell."

"Farewell, and God and the Saints be with you and keep you. Whether you may succeed or not, I shall always feel deeply grateful to you for your kindness."

Sister Mary darkened her lantern, and, passing out from my dungeon, shut me in again. I ate what she had brought to me with great relish. The slices of soft, white bread, I remember, seemed to me the most delicious food I ever tasted. Strange as it may seem, yet it is true, that now, when fresh hope of being delivered from horrible captivity was awakened in me, I began to fret and worry about the question of how soon I would be released; for, as I have already said, I had all along had the impression that I would be released in some mysterious manner, in

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I spent at least half my time now in praying that I might speedily be rescued. I was praying thus the day after Sister Mary's visit, when Fr. Calenski, accompanied by Mother Josepha, came to my dungeon. I did not cease when they came in; but I was quickly interrupted by Fr. Calenski exclaiming:

"Ha! get up, you miserable wretch! What is that you are praying for? To be released, eh? I will release you!"

With these words he struck me on the back of the neck with his cane so violently as to prostrate me on the floor. He made another blow at me; but by a great effort I shrank away into the corner and begged him not to beat me; that I would mind all he said.

"I wish she was dead!" said Mother Josepha.

"Yes!" added the Confessor, "and if she don't die pretty soon I will kill her myself! She has more lives than ten thousand cats. But I will fix her very shortly. A dose of arsenic will help her wonderfully."

"Barbara," asked Mother Josepha, "have any of the Sisters been here at any time to see you?"

A cold chill of horror wrapped itself round my heart at this ominous question, asked, as it was, in a peculiar tone. A thousand suspicions, a thousand dreads, trooped through my brain in an instant of time. Had the Lady Superior or the Confessor seen Sister Mary either going to, or leaving my dungeon? Had some one of the Sisters seen her and given in-

formation thereof to my persecutors? Or was the question of Mother Josepha propounded on a mere suspicion of her own, aroused by some trifling circumstance, or accident; such as the padlock having been meddled with since she herself secured it? Or were there any crumbs of my bread on the filthy floor that had attracted her eye? This thought was dismissed immediately, for I knew I had been too careful in eating the bread to allow a single precious atom to fall. Possibly there might be mingling with the stench of my dungeon a faint odor of rose leaves. Sister Mary was fond of keeping dried rose leaves about her, which she gathered in the garden of the Convent.

All these thoughts, as I have said, rushed through my brain in one instant of time, and in an equally short space I had weighed each of them and decided on my line of action. I pretended to be greatly excited as I replied that she would never allow any of the Sisters to come to see me.

"That was not what I asked you," she said; "I asked you if any of the Sisters had been here to see you?"

"No; you know they have not!" I promptly and savagely answered, feeling that the circumstances in which I was placed justified me in telling an untruth.

"What do you mean by answering that way, eh?" exclaimed Fr. Calenski, raising his cane and giving me several dreadful blows with it, and causing me such agony that I became nearly crazy, and could not help screaming out. He then looked down at the

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broken dish on which there were three small mouldy potatoes, and, laughing at Mother Josepha, said:

"Well, mother, I think there is no need of leaving our wild pig anything more to eat, for she has enough there to last her a day or two, and it will never do to feed her too high, you know."

"I will put these that I have brought with those she has, and that will do for several days."

Thus speaking, Mother Josepha emptied four or five potatoes out of a little bag on to the plate; and then, in company with the Confessor, left my dungeon.

For several days after this I felt a numbness in my neck and back where I had been struck by Fr. Calenski, and this gradually gave way to a mental dullness and stupidity that I could not possibly resist, though I made the most strenuous efforts to do so. I now feared that I was becoming idiotic, which gave me a frightful anxiety. On several occasions after this, Fr. Calenski and Mother Josepha beat me, and I became so filled with despair—for I had not as yet received another visit from Sister Mary—that, for the first time since I had been immured in my dreadful dungeon, did I pray for death to relieve me from my torments.

But, thank God for His mercy, He at last remembered me, His unworthy creature. After languishing over twenty-one years in my living grave, and almost giving up all hope, I was startled one day by a strange visitor, clad in the uniform of an officer of police. I could see him very distinctly, though he could not see me.

Dear reader, it is not in my power to tell you what my sensations were at this occurrence. You may, perhaps, partially imagine what your own feelings would be, had you been like me, locked up for more than *twenty-one* years in a damp, loathsome vault in the ground, without one ray of blessed sunshine all that dreary lifetime; and then, suddenly, an officer of the law standing at your dungeon door to bid you come forth to liberty.

I was obliged to hold my hands tight upon my heart to still its wild pulsations; and I screamed out my joy. Had I not been able to do this, I am certain I should have sunk down dead with excessive happiness.

My first thought, after I collected my senses sufficiently to think at all, was about good, noble-hearted Sister Mary. I did so long to see her, for I felt certain that to her I was indebted for my rescue.

Very soon after this, however, I began to lose all control of myself, and I know that by the time the bishop and the rest came and stood in my cell, I seemed actually demented. Yet I could not have helped it, had I been threatened with a thousand deaths.

I need not here repeat the details of my liberation, and the discomfiture of my persecutors, Fr. Calenski and Mother Josepha. It would not behoove me as a Christian, an humble follower of God, to desire revenge. Christ has taught my lips and my heart to forgive my enemies, and I do so fully and freely.

Another duty I must perform ere closing my narrative, and that is to entirely exonerate all the Sisters in the Convent from any complicity in my

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long imprisonment and dreadful persecutions in the dreary dungeon. Fr. Calenski and Mother Josepha were the sole and only ones to blame in the matter. They induced all the Sisters in the building to believe that I had become a raving maniac, and that it was necessary to confine me in the dungeon. And had it not been for Sister Mary I should have been either still a prisoner there in that living tomb, or mouldering in my grave.

I wish to be particular in regard to this correction, as it had been stated in all the public newspaper accounts that the Sisters were cruel and heartless to me. What gave this color I have no doubt was the fact that when they came into my dungeon at the time the bishop and officers were there, the former reproached them in great anger as though they had been equally guilty with Fr. Calenski and Mother Josepha. It is true that he did thus reproach them at *that* time; but as soon as he learned the true account of it he fully withdrew all he had then said to them.

It is all over now, and I am free to spend the few remaining days of my life in serving God and praising Him for His goodness and mercy.

(Signed) BARBARA UBRYK.

The foregoing statement has been duly and legally made to affirmation by the nun, Barbara Ubryk, of the Carmellite Convent, as being in every whit true.

Done before me officially this sixteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine A. D.

KIRONSKI,

Presiding Judge of the Court of Correction, Austria.

SISTER MARY'S STORY.

The following account of how the nun, Sister Mary, to whom the poor victim of Fr. Calenski's wickedness owed her liberation, managed to accomplish her praiseworthy object, and how and why she came to attempt it, was detailed to the bishop, in the presence of the judge of the Court of Correction, Kironski, and can be relied upon as correct in every particular and fact. She said:—

"We often all heard both Fr. Calenski and Mother Josepha speaking of Barbara. They would pity her and say: 'Poor Barbara has become frightfully crazy. I wish I could have her brought up out of her cell. But it is useless. She would tear us all to pieces, she is so violent.'

"I always noticed that they visited Barbara's dungeon principally in the night time, and they generally went there together. The reason I came to find this out was because I used often to sit up very late reading or praying. It made me feel exceedingly strange about Barbara; there seemed so much secrecy used about her. None of us Sisters were ever permitted to go to her dungeon, the excuse being, as I have said, that she was so violently insane and dangerous. Once in a while Mother Josepha would take several of us in the evening and walk past the dungeon, but she was invariably in a hurry, and cautioned us particularly against saying anything to Barbara, or stopping to listen to her.

"I do not wish to say anything about the Lady Superior, or Fr. Calenski; but, from what I saw at times of their conduct, my respect for and good opinion of them were much shaken. It was this that finally caused me to suspect that all was not right with Barbara. Many and many a night toward the latter part of her imprisonment have I laid awake thinking of how she must be pining and languishing down in that loathsome hole under ground. And I would pray fervently that she might soon be released.

"Finally I could bear my feelings no longer, and I resolved to go to her by myself at the first opportunity and see if she were really crazy, as had been stated. This was attended with the utmost risk to myself, for, without doubt, had I been discovered by Mother Josepha or Fr. Calenski, I, too, would have shared the same fate as Barbara; for inside the Convent these two were all powerful.

"But, after many narrow escapes and failures, I managed to get into Barbara's dungeon, and found it exactly as I had suspected. From that night forth I resolved that, if I could, I would set her at liberty. Yet how to do it was a fearful question, which I debated with myself for several weeks. After thinking over every plan I resolved to write the letter—which has been published—to the presiding judge of the Court of Correction, and give it to a man who brought wood to the Convent sometimes, to carry it out, as I, of course, could not get

out. This letter I concealed about me for some
ere the chance presented itself to send it out.
Providential interposition enabled me at last to
it to the woodman; and he, proving trustworthy,
took the letter to its proper destination. The result
was that Barbara was released. I did nothing more
than my duty in the affair, as I had resolved on
doing, even though it cost me my life."

STATEMENTS MADE BY THE FRIENDS OF THE LADY SUPERIOR.

Mother Josepha, the Lady Superior of the Carmelite Convent in Cracow, having a wide circle of wealthy and influential friends, they at once, on the discovery of her cruelty to Sister Barbara, circulated several stories calculated to lessen the enormity of her crime in the eyes of the public. But, as Bishop Galenski himself unearthed the act, investigated it in person, and handed her over to the civil authorities for punishment, it is only reasonable to suppose that he knew what he was doing, and would certainly not have taken such a harsh step if he could have avoided it. From a perusal of their statements the reader will see that those over-zealous friends of Mother Josepha actually call in question the truthfulness of the bishop's own words and action in the affair. Not only that, but they give the lie to the authenticated records in the Court of Correction, all of which were duly sworn to by the Sisters in the Convent and other reliable persons, in the presence of the bishop. But what gives the most direct denial to their hatched-up statements is the fact that Barbara Ubryk is now well-known to every citizen in Cracow *to be perfectly sane.* The following is their statement, and our readers, after being made aware of the true facts of the crime, can form their own judgment of what it is worth. The London *Post* has

the account which some of our American papers have copied, as follows :—

"We have before us two letters published in a Polish paper, one of which was written in 1843 by Barbara to her sister, Leonie Ubryk, three years after her profession; the other written in August, 1851, by Josepha Zariarski, Abbess of the Carmelites, to Eleanor Ubryk, concerninig the mental derangement of her sister. These letters are authentic copies of the original on file in the hands of the commission appointed to investigate the matter.

"Besides other letters and newspaper reports, we have also an official report made by a venerable priest at the request of the imprisoned abbess, from whom it had been demanded by the very Rev. Alexander Jelowicki, C. R. Miss Ap. and Superior of the Polish Mission in Paris, and the original of which has been transmitted to the Holy Father. The facts set forth in this report have been collected with the greatest care and authenticated by ocular witnesses. The document being too long for translation, we will lay before our readers a brief abstract, showing the true facts of the case as it stands on record:

"Barbara Ubryk was born in 1817 in Czerniakow, near Warsaw. When quite a young girl she showed a great desire to embrace monastic life, and with this view entered the Convent of the Visitation in Warsaw. There she gave indications of insanity which caused her removal. She then went to Cracow and entered another Convent of the same order, but the return of the symptoms of insanity again led to her rejection. In 1840 she entered the Convent of

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the Carmelites. These nuns were kept in ignorance as to her malady. She went through her noviate and made her profession. She was dearly beloved by the Sisters, and her conduct was most exemplary. This lasted six years, when she gave signs of mental alienation that frightened the community. The late Dr. Sawiezewski, attending physician of the Convent, having been called, pronounced her insane, and called in consultation Dr. Wroblewski. This physician, still living, made insanity a special study. He pronounced her disease incurable, being one of the worst forms of insanity, and that the only hope was that it would assume a milder form as the patient grew older.

"Barbara's madness became uncontrollable. She would tear her clothes to pieces and remain in a state of nudity; she broke everything in her room, even to the stove; she assaulted all who came near her, and addressed the most abusive and obscene language to everybody. It was found necessary to shut her up alone in a cell distant from the habitation of the other nuns, for when the paroxysms came, the obscenity of her remarks was unbearable. Then she would climb upon the window-sill, in a nude state, and, holding on to the iron bar, would address all who came in sight in the vilest language. It then became necessary to wall up the lower part of the window.*

"Although this sad affair was not made public, it was no secret. The neighbors [the Convent is surrounded by a high stone wall!] the servants of the

*Remember, these are the statements of Barbara's enemies.—ED.

Convent, the other religeuse, knew all about it. We have seen that Barbara's family corresponded with the abbess on the subject. Her two sisters have been examined by the Commission, and corroborate these facts. It is admitted that insanity is hereditary in their family. It was deemed better to keep the poor woman in the Convent than to send her to an asylum where she could not have been better cared for. Nor did the nuns act without superior advice. They consulted the late Bishop Letowski, administrator of the diocese, whose advice was that they should bear with patience and discretion this great affliction, since God had permitted it. This correspondence is on record. Bishop Gladyseweiz, who ministered the affairs of the diocese after Bishop Latowski's death, in 1868, was also informed of these facts, as was also the late Very Rev. Fr. Hanzet, General of the Carmelites. His Grace Bishop Galeski has but recently taken charge of the diocese, and knew nothing of this.

"It is not surprising, therefore, that when upon the invitation of the tribunal, he accompanied the officials sent to examine the Convent and found a woman naked and in a bare cell, he should have reproached the nuns with their cruelty. The infidel party have made capital of these words of virtuous indignation. But the sequel has shown how little the reproach was merited, and the bishop regrets the words so hastily spoken. Barbara Ubryk is still in the hospital; her health is good as it ever was; no marks of ill-treatment have been detected on her person. She eats voraciously—in the Convent she

had to be fed five times a day—but she will neither suffer clothing upon her body nor sleep in a bed, and she scandalizes all who approach her during her fits by the obscenity of her language.

"The case is clear; the facts are substantiated by unimpeachable evidence, and yet, on the 4th of August, the superioress (who is dangerously ill) and another nun arrested at the same time, were still confined in narrow and filthy cells, worse than that, perhaps, in which Barbara was shut up, and must remain there until the Commission closes an investigation which must redound to their honor and establish their innocence.

"Such is the true history of this alleged case of cruelty invented as a pretext to persecute the Church."

The closing paragraph of the above article is absolutely false; for, as we have before remarked, Barbara—it is well-known to every one in Cracow—is now perfectly sane, and thousands of pitying citizens have seen her in the hospital immediately she was taken from the Convent.

The following are, doubtless, the two letters referred to:—

CRACOW, April 29, 1843.

My Dear Louisa: I am glad to have some news from you and your sisters. I, by the grace of God, am strong, and satisfied with my position. The government made difficulties as to my entering the

Convent, it not being permitted to receive foreigners; but that also was got over by the grace of God, and now I have been a professed nun for three years, which seem to me like a day. From this you can judge how happy I am, and thankful to God and my respected mothers that they have accepted me into their holy society. As you are still unmarried, I wish you would be speedily devoted to St. Joseph, for he is the patron of those who wish to select a profession. Do not complain of your work, for God most blesses the property which is gained by the work of one's hands. Do the will of God, and you will be happy and prosperous. If you intend to write to me, do so in the name of Barbara, for my name has been changed since I entered the Convent.

BARBARA UBRYK.

CRACOW, August 11, 1851.

To Eleanor Ubryk: The news which you received about the illness of your sister is correct. She has been suffering from a severe mental disorder for the last three years, and is subject to very violent fits. If you lament her unfortunate position, we do so even more. We have to pay a great deal for her medical treatment, and are in constant fear of her. It is very painful to us that, as the physicians say, she must have suffered from this illness before, and we were never told of it; for if we had known it, she would never have been admitted to our Convent. You may be quite at ease as to the treatment of your sister; we do her no harm, and she would be un-

happy if she were anywhere else. The Convent is a great protection to her, though God has made her a great and heavy cross to us.

JOSEPHA ZARIARSKA, *Abbess of the Carmelites.*

The discrepancies in dates and so forth, with well-known facts, are rather startling.

Fr. Calenski having committed suicide after flying from the city of Cracow to escape the vengeful fury of the mob which, it will be remembered, were all devout Catholics, there remains only Mother Josepha, and it is to be hoped that justice will be meted out to her, not in vindictiveness, but in such a way as will prevent a recurrence of such a horror as that of which she and Fr. Calenski were guilty.

ATTACK ON THE CONVENT.

Since the above was written, we have received from an eye-witness an account of the attack that made upon the Carmelite Convent after the covery was made by the citizens how poor Barbara had been treated within its high walls. It is as follows:

One evening in July I was passing a few minutes in conversation with a gentleman near the office of the Court of Correction. Suddenly we perceived a commotion of some sort going on in it, and my friend, being well known, obtained entrance for himself and me. We soon learned that a nun had been released from a frightful imprisonment of twenty-one years in a damp dungeon of the Carmelite Convent by the interposition of the bishop, Galeski, and the Judge of the Court of Correction. She was not then present, as it had not been thought advisable to move her from the Convent just yet.

There was considerable excited feeling manifested by all present, even the judges; and therefore when the under officers left for their homes, it is not surprising that the story of poor Barbara's horrible punishment was speedily noised abroad among the citizens.

Toward evening of the succeeding day a large crowd of persons, both men and women, had assembled in front of the Convent, attracted thither more from curiosity than any malice. In my own mind, I had from the first felt almost certain that trouble

would come of the discovery that had been made, and with this idea in my head I walked past the Convent several times a day to see what would be going on.

The crowd rapidly increased to a mob, seeing which, and doubtless fearing a riot, the police came up and endeavored to disperse it quietly. But it was useless, for in a few minutes the mob was so dense that the police gave up their efforts, and at once dispatched a messenger to the authorities to send reinforcements at once to their aid.

Whether any portion of the mob had come on the ground for the express purpose of starting a riot, will, of course, never be known; but the moment the messenger was seen to take his departure the nature of his errand was designed. The next instant several rough-looking workmen directly in front of where I was standing, halloed to the mob to attack the Convent and demolish it.

"Let's do it before the police get back!" they yelled, and in the twinkling of an eye each of them cast a stone at the building and dashed toward it.

Their example was contagious. A mad fury seemed to seize instantly upon the mob, and a general rush was made for the Convent. I got out from among the yelling, shouting, cursing fellows as soon as possible; and on reaching a place of comparative safety turned round to look on at the wild, implacable mob.

All at once a fine-looking old gentleman, whom I had seen before at the Court, made his way up upon the steps of the doomed building and waved his hat

and hand to the crowd, signifying that he wished them to be quiet while he spoke. He then addressed them in a forcible and convincing manner.

"The Lady Superior," said he, "has been taken and imprisoned; and she will be, no doubt, properly punished for her part in the diabolical treatment of Sister Barbara. So, also, will Fr. Calenski when he is caught. Neither of these persons, who alone are the guilty parties in this terrible crime, are in the Convent now. Within these walls are only the Sisters who were not only in ignorance of what was going on, but several of them were very badly treated by the Lady Superior and Fr. Calenski.

"Moreover, I would remind you that within this Convent, which you are thus seeking to demolish, is Sister Mary, the very one to whose noble and self-sacrificing bravery Sister Barbara owes her deliverance. For her sake, if for no other, I beg of you to desist from any other violence!"

This little speech had the required effect upon all but the most turbulent members of the mob, and these latter were evidently only quieted by the rapid approach of a strong body of policemen, who came down the street at a double quick, and at once began the work of dispersing the rioters. This was on Friday; and as the ring leaders retreated sullenly, they said:

"Never mind! the people will rise tomorrow; and they will not only pull down this place, but, alas! every other one like it in the city!"

Considering it my duty to do so, I made my way across to the officer in command of the police and

pointed out to him the man who had threatened the renewal of violence on the morrow.

"I see them, my dear sir," replied he, "but it will not do to take them now; that would only precipitate more trouble. All we want now is to disperse the mob. And by to-morrow we shall have sufficient force at our command to keep order, I think."

On the succeeding day I was obliged to pass near the Convent. When I got in the vicinity, I saw groups of men here and there talking in low, earnest tones, and ever and anon casting ominous glances in the direction of the building. The police were actively engaged in efforts to make these people go home; but as fast as they drove them away up one street, they would reappear down the next one. It was like driving back waves of the ocean from the beach. I lingered within sight of the Convent for a while, and then resumed my walk towards home. I had not gone a square, however, before a shouting and yelling of many voices broke upon the air, and I knew that the Convent had been assaulted.

My curiosity overpowered all fear for my own personal safety, and I therefore found myself on the outskirts of the mob. They were whooping and yelling like so many devils incarnate, and hurling huge stones at the Convent doors and beating at them with heavy logs of wood used as battering rams. Presently the massive door leading into the court yard of the Convent was forced partially open, and the ringleaders of the wild demons were in the act of making their way into the inclosure, when suddenly a detachment of cavalry swept down the

street and sent the rioters whirling away like chaff before the wind.

I never saw anything so rapidly and completely done before. The whole affair seemed like a piece of magic; and in less than five minutes the street was deserted, and as quiet as a grave-yard, except for the occasional sounds of a horseman moving about. Yet the mob were only baffled; for, finding themselves thus conquered at the Convent, they quickly gathered a few squares away, and rushed in a body to the Jesuit Monastery of Cracow. This they at once attacked, and as it was not defended nor yet so strongly built as the Convent, it speedily yielded to their efforts and was completely torn out. Several of the monks, who endeavored to reason with the rioters and prevent them doing further mischief, were roughly handled by the latter.

Meanwhile a messenger had been dispatched for the calvary and they soon came galloping upon the scene with drawn sabres. This time the horsemen, riding through the crowd, cut down several of the most boisterous of the mob and made prisoners of most of the leaders.

This ended the demonstration; for, finding that serious mischief was to be apprehended, the authorities promptly ordered out a sufficient military detail to protect all the threatened buildings. They also announced to the public that the bishop had not only given his consent, but had requested that the Lady Superior and Confessor should be properly punished for their complicity in the imprisonment and torture of poor Barbara Ubryk.

FLIGHT AND DEATH OF FR. CALENSKI.

As soon as Fr. Calenski found out that his terrible crime had been discovered by the bishop, he made instant preparations for his escape; for he well knew that Bishop Galeski was not the man to wink at even the most trivial offence, much less such an enormity as that of which he, Calenski, had been guilty.

Making up a little wallet of food and necessary articles, he disguised himself as much as possible, and awaiting the fall of night at the house of a friend, he made his way out of the city, and turned his fugitive steps in the direction of Terezebrina. In the latter place there was a monastery of the Carmelites, where he felt certain he could pass himself off for another person. In due time he arrived at the monastery, sought and obtained admission.

But justice was on his track with unerring certainty. One day the abbott of the monastery, in which Fr. Calenski had taken refuge, inquired of him closely whither he had come; and detecting him in a misstatement of facts, he accused him of being the fugitive from Cracow.

Finding that prevarication and deception would no longer avail him, Calenski confessed to the abbott who he really was, and expressed a desire to go back to Cracow and submit to whatever punishment was deemed proper for him to undergo.

The abbott informed him that he deemed it his duty to detain him within the monastery until he

could receive a reply from the bishop, whom he should immediately inform by special messenger of his whereabouts. To this he gave his ready assent, and only requested that he might be permitted to remain alone until the bishop's orders were received.

Of course no opposition was made to this, and Fr. Calenski retired to a cell. The messenger was dispatched to the bishop at Cracow, who promptly returned the reply that Calenski should be handed over to the government officers and sent back to Cracow.

The abbott went himself to the cell of Fr. Calenski to inform him of what was to be done. When he entered he found the fugitive lying upon the floor dead, while beside him lay an open book, upon the fly-leaf of which he had written the few, but significant words:—

"I have resolved to kill myself. Farewell to all on earth!"

How the suicide accomplished his purpose could not be told, as there was neither bottle nor paper about him which could have contained poison. Yet upon his body there was no wound, and so it was concluded that he had swallowed some deadly poison which he must have carried concealed about him for the express purpose. He had been dead a long time when discovered, and the bishop, being informed by the telegraph of what had taken place, ordered the body to be at once buried. So ended the life and career of Fr. Calenski, who, through his wickedness, had disgraced not only himself, but also his religion.

A SINGULAR STORY.

Immediately upon the discovery of the imprisonment of Barbara Ubryk, the city of Cracow was filled with the wildest rumors and stories, nearly all of which were without the slightest foundation in truth, and we, therefore, do not insert them in this work. But the following is vouched for by the editors of the *Kraj*, one of the most influential and respectable papers in Cracow, and therefore we think it is entitled to credit, though it evidently, at least to our idea, has little, if anything, to do with Barbara Ubryk. It was published in a special edition of the *Kraj*.

One evening in April, 1848, the patrol of the National Guard, stationed in the vicinity of the Carmelite Convent, noticed a close travelling carriage standing in front of the entrance to the Convent.

Being rather an unusual hour for a carriage to be standing there, the curiosity of the guardsmen was aroused, and they determined to watch its movements.

"Suppose we cross over," said one of the patrol to his companions, "and see if anybody is in that carriage?"

"No," was the reply; "let us walk on down for a couple of streets first, and then come back on that side."

"Very well, let us do so; but at the same time do not lose sight of the carriage."

So the guardsmen passed on, as agreed, and then came up on the side of the street on which the Con-

vent stood. It was very dark at the time, and, just as they started on their return, they could just dimly see persons moving rapidly between the carriage and the door of the Convent.

The movements of these persons were so strange that the suspicions of the patrol were aroused, and they at once ran up at full speed. The carriage was just starting away, the driver having jumped up to his seat and seized the reins.

"Halt, there! Don't move that carriage!" halloed the guard officer.

The driver, knowing that if he persisted in going ahead he would certainly be fired on, promptly pulled back his horses; and the guardsmen came up. Two of them went to the carriage door, and opening it, beheld inside the carriage two men sitting. One of these men held on his lap a woman in the dress of a nun, and having upon her head a white night-cap.

"Halloa!" exclaimed the guard, "what does all this mean?"

"Who are you, that dare ask that?" replied one of the men, who, from his dress and manner, evidently belonged to the higher class of society.

"We are the patrol of the guard, young man," quickly answered the officer, "and I advise you to keep a civil tongue behind your teeth, or you will get yourself in trouble."

"There, there, old fellow," now spoke the second man in the carriage, he on whose lap the woman was sitting, "we are students in the university, and we only came out here on a little love adventure.

There's nothing wrong, and we are just going off home. Come, you need not make us any more trouble. Let us be going."

"Can't do it, sir," answered the officer. "You are acting too suspiciously. I shall have to require you to go with us to the police office, where you can make all explanations that are necessary."

"Oh, do not do that, officer!" begged the woman, who, till now, had remained silent.

"I am exceedingly sorry, madam," said the officer, "to put a lady to inconvenience; but I cannot be derelict in my duty."

"Oh, well, never mind, Barbara!" exclaimed the man in the carriage who had first spoken, "never mind; we can make everything clear."

But the woman refused this advice, and in a moment more she had leaped out of the carriage and ran into the court-yard of the Convent through the gateway which was open. Her object was to get in, close the gate, and fasten it on the inner side, thus cutting off pursuit. One of the guardsmen, however, who had sprung after the fair fugitive, was too quick for her, and pushing back the gate, bounded into the Convent yard, and secured the woman.

She at once began to entreat him with tears and sobs to let her go, as she would be utterly disgraced if she were found out. But the officer refused to do so.

By this time the noise awoke the nuns and servants in the Convent, and some of the latter speedily

appeared with lights. When she saw this, the prisoner exclaimed, with a wild shriek:

"Merciful heaven! I am lost! I am lost!"

A moment later she had fainted in the officer's arms, and he, supposing her, of course, to be a nun who had thus attempted to escape from the Convent, handed her over to the care of the servants of the institution. They carried her in, and then closed and bolted the gate after the guardsman had rejoined his companions outside.

The patrol at once arrested the two young men in the carriage. The prisoners dismissed the coachman and walked along with their captors, talking all the way to them, and using every imaginable persuasion to induce the officers to let them go free. Finally the guardsmen, concluding that the whole affair was nothing more than what the students had represented it to them—a mere love adventure—allowed their prisoners to depart to their homes without bringing them to the exposure which would surely have followed their appearance before their tribunal.

Two of these identical guardsmen are now living; and, being struck with the coincidence of the name Barbara applied now to the imprisoned nun, and also used by the man in the carriage to the woman in the nun's dress on that mysterious night so many years gone by, they have recalled the incident, and narrate it with much gusto as being part and parcel of the mystery.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.

After the discovery of Barbara Ubryk's terrible imprisonment was noised abroad through the country, such was the intense excitement occasioned thereby that the government found it absolutely necessary to issue several proclamations to the people, assuring them that the most rigorous investigation would be instituted at once on the awful affair, and warning them at the same time against any riotous demonstrations.

In accordance with the universal demand, therefore, the government, in consultation with Bishop Galeski, appointed a commission composed of the most respected and trustworthy citizens of Cracow, to whom was entrusted the highly responsible and disagreeable duty of the investigation.

This commission commenced its meetings as soon as practicable after the release of the prisoner. As may readily be supposed, the task was an exceedingly delicate and, in many respects, a disagreeable one, For on the one hand were the influential and wealthy friends and relations of Mother Josepha. And on the other hand were not only the excited populace, but the numerous classes of other nations who, from their religious tenets, were bitterly at enmity with the Catholic faith; and who would be most likely to exaggerate and distort the facts in Barbara's case for the purpose of bringing the faith into disrepute. As has been remarked in a previous part of this story, Cracow has been noted for a long

time as the centre of Catholic power in all Europe. Knowing that the eyes of the whole world would be fixed upon their action, the commission has been exceedingly careful to conduct their investigation in the most thorough and impartial manner; suffering nothing to be concealed, nor shielding any parties who were really guilty in the affair.

There had been much suspicion excited by certain persons who asserted that the anonymous letter said to have been sent to the judge of the Court of Correction, first calling attention to Barbara's persecution, was entirely bogus—in fact, that no such letter had ever been sent. That the whole story was a base fabrication, got up by a certain judge in the court, and that this Barbara had always been a lunatic, and had been schooled by interested persons in the court to play a certain part.

Notwithstanding the plain absurdity of such a statement, it found a large number of believers. The first act of the commission, therefore, was to invite Bishop Galeski to be present at all the investigations. The next was to offer a reward amounting to over a hundred thalers or dollars to the unknown man who had brought the anonymous letter to the office of the Court of Correction, to come forward and testify all he knew of the matter. In addition to the reward, not only the government but also the bishop promised entire immunity from any punishment.

"All we desire," announced the bishop, "is to come at the truth in order that none but those who are really guilty of this horrid—worse than pagan—barbarity, may suffer."

The commission was to meet the next day at twelve o'clock, and they had scarcely organized the meeting before a man presented himself at the door, stating that he was the person who had taken the anonymous letter from the Convent to the Court of Correction.

He was at once admitted.

"Your Grace," said the chief of the commission to Bishop Galeski, "if such is your pleasure, we would much prefer that you question this man."

Bishop Galeski replied that he would do so cheerfully, thanking the gentlemen of the commission for their courtesy.

"Now, my man," continued the bishop, speaking to the witness, "what is your name?"

"Johannes Egriek, your reverence," answered the man, with a profound obeisance.

"For what purpose have you come here?"

"Because, your reverence, I saw your command pasted up in the streets to do so."

"You also saw that a reward was offered by the civil authorities for you to do so."

"I did, your reverence, but it was not for that I came. If that had been all I would have been silent. But when I saw it was your reverence's desire that I should come, I instantly resolved to do so, even though I were to be punished for what I have done."

"I think I have seen you somewhere before. What is your occupation—that is, what do you make your living by?" added the bishop, seeing that the man did not understand what he meant by the word occupation.

"I beg your reverence's humble pardon," quickly responded Johannes. "I did not know what you meant at first. I am a wood-chopper."

"That is, you go out into the forest and cut faggots for burning."

"That it is, your reverence."

"Do you recollect any time or place that you have seen me?"

"Yes, your reverence, I have often seen your kind face at the Carmelite Convent."

"Ah! yes! yes! that is where I remember having seen you, Johannes, now that you mention it."

"Yes; God bless and keep your reverence."

"Well, now, Johannes, are you the man who carried the letter to the office of the Court of Correction?"

"I am, your reverence."

"Why did you not take the letter in and hand it to some officer of the court?"

"I was afraid of something if I should do so."

"Afraid of something? Why, what were you afraid of, Johannes? Do you not know that whatever a citizen relates to an officer of that court is held most sacred, and that the citizen is perfectly safe from exposure or personal risk?"

"I do, your reverence. But the one who gave me the letter told me to ——"

"Well, what? told you to do what, Johannes?" asked the bishop, as Johannes hesitated to speak further.

"Shall I tell it all, your reverence; exactly all?" asked the man with much apparent trepidation, glancing about upon the commissioners.

"Yes; Johannes, certainly," answered the bishop; then, in a kindly and assuring tone, he added: "Johannes, you have nothing whatever to fear. We are met together, these gentlemen and myself, in order to bring home to the guilty persons the crime of which they have been the cruel perpetrators. Now I, who am your bishop, wish you to tell everything you know, simply and truly."

"I will do so, your reverence."

"That is right, Johannes. Now tell us all you know about it."

"Well, your reverence, I have always carried wood to the Carmelite Convent which I cut. Besides this, I sometimes helped the servants about the building. About the middle of June last, one of the Sisters—Mary, they call her—came near where I was working at clearing out a spout that ran close to her window.

"'Good Johannes,' said she, softly, but keeping so far within the window that none could see her easily, 'will you do me a little service? Do not let anybody notice you speaking to me.'

"I was a good deal startled to hear these words, and though I did not stop my work, nor turn round to look full at the Sister that spoke, I kind of swung my eyes round so as to get a side glimpse of her. I then said:—

"'Yes, lady, I will.'

"'Thank you,' said she; 'next time that you come in, pass near this window, if possible. But be careful, very careful, that no one sees you get anything from me. And when I give you a letter

that I want you to carry out for me, show it to no one, but carry it instantly to the direction written on the outside.'

"'You can depend on me, lady. I will do it, sure,' said I, never looking up, nor turning my body at all.

"'The saints will bless you, and you will save a dear, good sister from an awful fate, if you do so. But I must be gone. Farewell!'

"Sister Mary instantly went away from the window, and I went on with my work. I did not tell even my wife, nor my mother, of what I had heard. It worried me very much to know what it was, and how anybody could be saved from an awful fate by me. I could not understand it, and that was why it bothered me."

"You did not get the letter at that time, then?"

"Oh, no, your reverence, not until several weeks after that, although Sister Mary had it then. But it seemed to me as though somebody inside was watching her, or at least coming toward her, for she was in a great hurry to get away after she told me what she did."

"Twice after that I had to go to the Convent within the month, but neither time did I see Sister Mary, though I waited close by the window where I had seen her first. I felt so deeply impressed with the matter that every few days I made some excuse to go to the Convent.

"At last one day, when I took in a load of wood early in the morning, I noticed Sister Mary walking in the garden with two of the other sisters. I

do not know why I did so, for I know it was very wrong and bold; but somehow or other I thought I ought to do it. So I said, as I came into the garden: "'Ladies, may I have a few of these flowers for a coffin? A maiden that I know is dead. She loved flowers very much, and I would like to have a few to put upon her coffin.'

"Sister Mary seemed to gasp, and then her face flushed up red; and she hurriedly said:

"'Certainly! certainly, good woodman; I will gather you some myself.'

"Then, leaving her companions, she went hither and thither gathering the most beautiful flowers, till she had a good bunch. She then sat down upon the edge of a grass-plot in such a position as to hide herself from the rest of us. In less than three minutes she had tied up the flowers in the nicest shape that ever could have been seen, and, rising from behind the shrub bush that had hidden her from view, she beckoned me to come to her; at the same time she commenced to walk slowly towards me. I hurried up the pathway, and consequently, by the time we met we were out of hearing of the other two sisters.

"'Here are the flowers, good Johannes.'

"These words she uttered in a sprightly, kind tone, and then there was a good deal of anxiousness and fear mixed in her voice as she added, in a low key:

"'The letter! the letter, Johannes, is in the midst of the flowers. Take it out when you get home. Let no eye see it, but carry it to where it is directed—to the Judge of the Court of Correction. Let no one

see you deliver it. And the saints be with you and protect you, for it is in the cause of mercy and justice you are going.'

"I was just in the act of exclaiming something in surprise, your reverence, but I choked it back like, and saying: 'I will do as you say, lady,' I turned and hurried away out of the Convent.

"All the way home I was in torture for fear somebody would suspect that I had that awful letter hidden in among the flowers; and I felt like throttling two or three men who looked very hard at my bouquet and remarked how handsome it was. At last I got home safe and ran upstairs with all speed to my room. There, after I had locked the door, I undid the stems of the flowers, separated them carefully, and found the letter. I took it out, hid it like as if it had been gold or diamonds, inside my waistcoat, and then went down stairs and gave the flowers to my wife, telling her where I got them, and to carry them to our neighbor's to put on the coffin of her her daughter who was dead.

"When the afternoon began to wane, and evening approached, I sallied out of my house and turned up into the city in the direction of the Court of Correction. Twice I passed it by, but did not attempt to put the letter into the box on account of seeing some men standing by the door.

"By this time, however, I was becoming awfully excited; my head ached, and the perspiration rolled down my face in great, large drops. And so I determined, after I passed the second time, to return and put the letter into the box. Indeed, your rever-

ence, I felt quite desperate; besides which, I had the consciousness that I was really doing something good and right after all. So I turned back before I had gone a square, and, walking directly up to the box, pushed the letter in and walked away.

"And that, your reverence, is the whole part that I had in the matter. Have I done wrong or right in what I have done?"

"You have done perfectly right, Johannes," replied the bishop. "And now, gentlemen," he continued, addressing the members of the commission, "I do not know of anything further that I wished to ask this witness. Perhaps some of you may have some inquiry to propound to him."

"Johannes," said the chief officer of the committee, "did this Sister Mary at any time give you any money, or lead you to suppose that you would receive any reward?"

"No, sir!" quite indignantly replied Johannes.

The officer explained to Bishop Galeski that he himself was perfectly satisfied there was nothing of the sort, but some unscrupulous persons had made the assertion, and he desired thus publicly and while the witness was under oath to have it formally denied by Johannes.

Johannes was now dismissed, and the proper officer drew a requisition for him to obtain the reward which had been offered by the authorities.

The next witness brought before the committee was Sister Mary, the pious, brave and noble-hearted woman who had really been the means of liberating poor Barbara from her dreadful imprisonment.

She was in considerable trepidation upon entering the apartment and finding herself confronted by so many grave and dignified-looking men. But her diffidence was quickly dissipated by the bishop saying to her:—

"Now, daughter, do not be abashed nor cast down in spirit. We have only sent for you for a legal purpose, and one of which I have fully approved. And, gentlemen," continued the bishop, turning to the commissioners, "as I have already questioned Sister Mary when the terrible affair was first brought to my notice, I beg that her examination on the present occasion may be conducted by yourselves rather than by me."

After some consultation among the members of the commission, it was agreed to accept the suggestion of the bishop, and the chief member, addressing himself to Sister Mary, said:—

"Sister Mary, are you an inmate of the Carmelite Convent in the suburb next to the Cracow Botanical Gardens?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"How long have you been there?"

"Nearly thirty years, sir, have I been there."

"Did you know a Sister there, whose name was Barbara Ubryk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was she there when you first entered the Convent?"

"Oh, no, sir. She did not come in for a long time after I did. She was received into full membership in 1846."

"Have you any distinct recollection of what her disposition or temperament was at that time?"

"Yes, sir. She was, if possible, the mildest and sweetest young woman I ever saw. Her disposition was naturally one of extreme gayety. But she repressed this continually."

"Then her manner and temper, I suppose, were, in consequence, very variable—at one time lively and pleasant, and at another dull and melancholy."

"Oh, no, sir; not at all. Though she was so pleasing and cheerful, yet was she never dull nor melancholy. We all loved Sister Barbara for her affectionate and pious character."

"Did she ever exhibit an inclination to disobey any rule or order of the Convent?"

"Never, sir. No one of us rendered so quick and thorough obedience to all the rules and regulations as Sister Barbara."

"Why was it, then, that she was so frequently subjected to punishments by the Lady Superior?"

The witness, at this question being put to her, looked across the room at the bishop, seeing which that prelate said to her:—

"Daughter, you will answer all questions truly, without hesitation."

With this encouragement, Sister Mary resumed:—

"I do not know, sir. All of us thought strangely of it at first, for we could not help noticing for how trifling and insignificant faults, or rather accidents, Sister Barbara was punished by Mother Josepha."

"Did Sister Barbara on any of these occasions exhibit any irrascibility of temper?"

"No, sir. Once or twice she looked more than usually sorrowful, as though she felt hurt by the extra harshness of the act. But no word or glance of rebelliousness, anger, or discontent escaped her; and we all thought her a shining example of humility, submission and Christian piety."

"Then she did not manifest any symptoms of insanity at that time?"

"No, sir; neither then nor at any subsequent period of which I have any knowledge."

"Have you any recollection of the time when Sister Barbara was imprisoned in the dungeon, from which she has lately been taken?"

"Yes, sir; it was, I am certain, sometime during the year 1848."

"Who was it that put her in this dungeon?"

"No one in the Convent saw the act, sir; but a day or two after the event, when we missed Sister Barbara, I asked Mother Josepha where she was, and whether she was sick?"

"Did you have any particular reason for asking such a question?"

"Well, yes, sir."

"What was that reason?"

"Well, sir, two nights previous, one or two of us whose rooms were near that of Barbara's were aroused by hearing her scream out the name of Fr. Calenski, and tell him to go out and not molest her any more."

"At what hour was that?"

"I should think, most probably, it was about one o'clock."

"Well, was that not a very unusual hour for Fr. Calenski to be in the cell of Sister Barbara?"

"Yes, sir; nothing but the dangerous illness of a Sister would justify his presence in her room, except, of course, he was in the company of the Lady Superior."

"Was she not present on the occasion to which you refer?"

"No, sir."

"How could you tell that?"

"Because, in a few minutes after I heard the cries of Sister Barbara, Mother Josepha passed my room, hurriedly, going down the corridor in the direction of Sister Barbara's cell."

"How did you know that she was not returning from Sister Barbara's cell, instead of going toward it?"

"There was a crevice in my door, and as I was lying on my bed the gleam of Mother Josepha's night-lamp shone through upon the wall at such an angle that I could tell exactly in which direction it was coming."

"Then your door was shut?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you get up and open it?"

"Yes, sir, I did; for the screams had made me so nervous that I hardly knew what I was doing. I trembled violently."

"Then you saw the person who carried the night-lamp?"

"Yes, sir, I watched the gleam on my wall passing across the room till I knew that whoever carried the lamp was past my door. Then I quickly arose, and

stepping to the door, opened it gently and peeped out cautiously to find out who had gone by, and I saw that it was Mother Josepha.''

"You are sure she went to Sister Barbara's cell, are you?''

"Yes, sir, quite sure; for I saw her go in.''

"Was there any person with her when she went by your door?''

"No, sir; she was entirely alone.''

"Did you hear any noise after she entered Sister Barbara's cell?''

"No, sir, none at all.''

"Did you continue watching any longer?''

"Yes, sir; I did not close my door until I saw Fr. Calenski come out of the cell. As soon as he did so, I quickly drew back and shut the door. But I heard him walk past.''

"Did Mother Josepha remain much longer in Sister Barbara's cell after Fr. Calenski left it?''

"No, sir. Within a few moments after he went up the corridor, the Lady Superior followed him.''

"When she did so, did she still carry the lamp lighted?''

"Yes, sir.''

"Was anything remarked the next day by any of the Sisters in regard to the occurrence of that night?''

"Yes, sir; on the succeeding afternoon, Sister Agatha asked me if I had heard anything strange in the night. I told her yes, and narrated all I knew of the affair. Sister Lucie had also heard the screams. We were the only ones who knew of it; and, being fearful of some terrible revenge being

taken upon us by Mother Josepha and Fr. Calenski, we vowed to each other never to mention what we had heard."

"What did the abbess say when you asked if Sister Barbara was sick?"

"She said that Sister Barbara had gone crazy, and that she had been obliged to get Fr. Calenski to assist herself in so binding Barbara that she could not do any harm. We had our own thoughts and misgivings about the matter, but dared hardly think them, much less give utterance to them."

"Did you on any occasion ever notice any particular manner or conduct on the part of Fr. Calenski toward Sister Barbara?"

"Once in a while we used to observe that he would cast strange glances of interest upon her, and from that we thought that he must think very highly of her. Yet, never for a moment, did we deem anything wrong until the night of which I have spoken."

"After you and the other two Sisters had vowed never to mention the circumstance to any one, did you speak of it to each other?"

"Yes, sir; Sister Agatha on several occasions inquired of me whether in my judgment it would not be the most proper way to speak to our bishop about what had transpired."

"What prevented you from doing so?"

"Because, sir, we were afraid."

"Afraid of whom—the bishop?"

"No, sir; this was the trouble. We knew that the Convent was in the control of Fr. Calenski and Mother Josepha. If we made the attempt to inform

the bishop and failed to reach his ear, we would at once become the victims of their revenge, without in the least benefiting Sister Barbara?"

"How long was it after this before you again saw Sister Barbara?"

"Several years, sir."

"And was her name never mentioned during all this time, nor nothing said about her?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but she was always represented as being exceedingly dangerous, perfectly ferocious. Many times we would have willingly gone to see her, but, in the first place, we did not know where she was; and, in the next, we could not, if we had known it, forced our way thither against the will of the Lady Superior."

"Well, how did you finally succeed in reaching Sister Barbara's dungeon?"

"Well, sir, during all the long period of years that passed away between the time of Barbara's imprisonment and the beginning of 1869, my anxiety on her account had increased to a terrible degree. Before going further, however, I will say that some ten years ago, and after both Sisters Agatha and Lucie were dead, the Lady Superior took me and several other sisters to the dungeon where Sister Barbara was imprisoned to show us how wild and dangerous she was. The Lady Superior took us at night time, and that was the reason we never noticed the window being walled up."

"Did Sister Barbara rave on these occasions?"

"Oh, yes, sir, dreadfully. This was during the time that she was insane."

"But it is claimed that she is not, nor never was insane."

"That is a mistake, sir. She was insane for a period of about five or six years, beyond doubt. But that was occasioned by the awful treatment she endured."

"Did the Lady Superior take yourself or any of the other Sisters to see Sister Barbara subsequent to this period of five or six years of which you speak?"

"No, sir, she did not."

"Did any of the Sisters ever inquire for Sister Barbara of the Lady Superior?"

"Yes, sir; I got one or two of them to request her to let them go and see Sister Barbara."

"You did not ask her yourself?"

"No, sir."

"Did she not accede to any of these requests?"

"No, sir; she always denied them."

"Did she deny them peremptorily, or give any excuse for not complying?"

"She gave the excuse that Sister Barbara was too horrible in her behavior and language to be looked upon by any person."

"You finally went to the dungeon of Barbara yourself, you say. How did you accomplish that in face of the opposition of the Lady Superior?"

"I had come to the determination to go and see Sister Barbara alone; and accordingly I began to devise a way to accomplish my purpose. I noticed that the Lady Superior always carried her keys hung at her girdle when she went about the building; but at evening, after retiring to her own apartments, she

laid them away in a little closet by her bookcase. Knowing this, I resolved to get her keys while she slept, or in some other way, just as circumstances might dictate.

"A few nights after I came to this resolve, the abbess was suffering with a severe sick headache, and I was in attendance upon her. This was my first opportunity. I was dipping a cloth in vinegar and water and laying it over her forehead and eyes. So, when I had done so several times, I allowed the cloth to remain patted down close over her eyes some minutes. During these minutes, feeling perfectly safe in the hazard, I stepped quickly to the closet, found the coveted keys, and, taking them carefully from the shelf so as not to clink, I put them into my pocket.

"This part accomplished successfully, the next was to get away. I soon found an excuse, however, and, taking up the night-lamp in my hand, I told the Lady Superior I recollected having some dried plantain-leaves in my own room, which would do her head good. Without waiting for a reply, I left her and hastened away to my own cell. There taking up some little articles of food which I had kept for the very purpose, I also shaded my lamp, and then took my way down into the damp foundation of the building."

"You must have been a brave woman, Sister Mary, even to attempt such a perilous undertaking," exclaimed the chief commissioner in tones of admira-

"Well, sir, I was dreadfully excited with apprehension; but I felt, for all that, that I was performing a good and holy deed; and it was that consciousness which lent strength to my poor, weak frame and trembling heart, and enabled me to succeed. I soon reached the dungeon door, and, setting down my lamp, I began to search for the proper key, which, finding at last after some considerable trouble, I applied to the padlock and undid it. I cannot describe what my emotions were as I took hold of the door to open it. I hesitated a moment—but only a moment—and then breathing a fervent prayer, I flung open the door.

"The next instant I was standing within the walls of that awful dungeon, whose acrid, fetid vapor almost stifled me. Raising my lamp above my head, I gazed upon the inmate, Sister Barbara. She was crouching down in one corner, and seemed stupefied at seeing a strange face, for she evidently did not know me.

"I then spoke to her in a kindly manner, and, stepping to her, offered her the food which I had brought. This she seized and began to devour most voraciously, after which she began to talk. To all my questions she returned sensible, rational replies, though she exhibited an excessive amount of nervousness. When I told her who I was, she wept tears of joy to think that at least one human being had not entirely forgotten her. And when I told her that I intended to obtain her freedom she seemed beside herself with joy. I could not stay with her

long, and, promising to come to her again as soon as possible, I bade her good night.

"Hastily making my way back to my own cell, I there took an impression of the key in a cake of beeswax, and, getting the plantain-leaves, hurried to the room of the Lady Superior, whom I found lying down exactly as I had left her, patiently awaiting my return. She asked me if I had not been gone a long time for the leaves; but she added that she supposed I had mislaid them and therefore was long in finding them. I made an evasive reply, and, while doing so, slipped the bunch of keys back upon the shelf in the closet.

"Several times after that night I visited Sister Barbara in her loathsome dungeon, selecting occasions when the Lady Superior had just come from there. In this way I felt more secure from being discovered, as it was never likely that she would return immediately after making one visit to her victim.

"I thought and prayed over several plans for conveying information to some one outside the Convent of the horrible punishment of poor Sister Barbara. I knew if I could only reach His Grace, the bishop, that justice would speedily be done. But what I dreaded in this direction was that when the bishop received the information, he would come and inquire of Fr. Calenski and the abbess concerning it, and that they would succeed in deceiving him into the belief that it was all false. And, having done this, they would next find out who it was had sent him the complaint, and would at once wreak their

vengeance upon me. So I at last resolved upon the course I really afterwards adopted, which was to write an anonymous letter to the president judge of the Court of Correction and endeavor to get the man who brought wood to the Convent to carry it to its destination for me."

"Then you had an idea that the court would investigate the matter, had you?"

"I did not know, sir; but I had great hopes that it would. The woodman performed his part faithfully, and I at last had the unspeakable joy of beholding my dear Sister Barbara released from her dreadful bondage."

A few more questions were put to the witness, Sister Mary, two or three of which were asked by Bishop Galeski himself, after which she was allowed to retire.

The next witness placed upon the stand was Gabrilla Hansung, formerly a servant of the Lady Superior. Her examination was conducted by another member of the commission.

"How long since is it that you have ceased to be employed at the Carmelite Convent by the Lady Superior, Mother Josepha?" asked he.

"About nine years, sir."

"How came you to leave your situation there?"

"I was discharged by the abbess, sir."

"For what reason were you discharged?"

"Well, sir, Mother Josepha and I could not agree."

"Why so?"

so. To this I made some reply which she mistook for some offensive remark. But I was not thinking of such a thing. However, she took hold of me, and, shaking me violently, exclaimed that I was a sneaking, impudent wretch, and if she thought I was lying about not having heard her come into the room she would kill me.

"This statement caused me to become exceedingly angry, and, losing control of my temper, I said something to her which I know I ought not to have said; and I was frightened when I had said it, for Mother Josepha's face turned as pale as chalk, and she started back as though I had thrust a sword into her body. After a momentary silence she said:

"'Gabrilla, I know now that you have not told me the truth. You did hear me come into the room. You must leave the Convent to-morrow. But before you go, I warn you to utter no slander against this place, for, if you do, you had better be dead. You know how powerful I am. I shall watch you closely, and shall have spies on your track, so that the first whisper you utter, to friend or foe, of anything that has passed within the walls of the Convent, shall seal your doom. Remember what I tell you and be wise.'

"The next day the abbess was taken violently ill, which illness lasted full two weeks, during which time I still remained employed at the Convent. But at the end of that time the abbess, being recovered, discharged me, taking care to repeat her warning in case I should talk about what had occurred."

"Now, Gabrilla," said the examiner, "have you heard of a nun, called Barbara Ubryk, who was an inmate of the Carmelite Convent?"

"Yes, sir, she is the one about whom the abbess and Fr. Calenski were conversing the day they came into the room, of which I have been speaking."

"Were they not talking of other matters and persons?"

"Yes, sir; but I would not like to tell what they said. I do not think it would be—"

"There, there, Gabrilla, we do not ask you about that. All we wish you to tell us is about that part of the conversation which related to the case of Sister Barbara Ubryk."

"Thank you, sir, I am glad of that. They said this. First the abbess said:

"'Well, now, you see what a fool you have made of yourself with that miserable Barbara. You ought to have let her alone in the first place, and not meddled with her.'

"'But I could not help it, though I am sorry for it now, for I never thought but that she would receive me like a sensible woman—like your sweet self, for instance,' answered Fr. Calenski.

"'Oh, nonsense! don't talk like that!' said the abbess. 'I tell you if this should happen by any accident to get abroad among the people there would be an outbreak and our Convent would be pulled down about our ears. I am in dread every day of its getting known. Suppose it should come to the knowledge of the bishop?'

"'Ha! ha!' laughed Fr. Calenski; 'if it did I would not care much. He would help to hide the affair. He would have to do so to save the character of the Church!'

"Did you, in July last, make an official visit to the Convent of the Carmelites, in the suburb, by the Botanical Gardens?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"What was the object of that visit?"

"I went there to see a nun, called Barbara Ubryk."

"For what purpose?"

"To ascertain if it were true, as had been alleged, that she was cruelly treated."

"How did you obtain admittance to the Convent?"

"Upon an order given to me by His Grace, Bishop Galeski."

"How came His Grace to give you that order?"

"He did so because Judge Kironski referred to him an anonymous note, which had been received at the office, in regard to Barbara, with the request that he would give permission to have it investigated."

"Was there any objection to your entering the Convent, when you presented this order?"

"Yes, sir; the porteress who answered my knock, when I told her my business, said it was impossible for me to see Barbara, she thought; but she would go in and acquaint the abbess with my request."

"Did she do so?"

"No, sir; I commanded her, in the emperor's name, not to do so, but to lead me at once to Sister Barbara's cell."

"Why did you not wait until the abbess was told of your wish?"

"Because, sir, my instructions were to allow of no delay whatever, but to see Barbara immediately, and

before any alteration could be made in her condition by interested persons.''

''Did the porteress then admit you?''

''Yes, sir, she did; and conducted me to the dungeon in which Barbara Ubryk was imprisoned; but the door of the dungeon was secured outside by a padlock, and could not be undone until the Lady Superior was called and brought her keys.

''She was exceedingly astonished to behold me, and scolded me terribly till I showed her the written order from the bishop, when she became quieter. But still she did not want to open the door, giving as an excuse that the key was mislaid. I saw through that device, however, and, taking the bunch of keys out of her hand, I soon opened the padlock and pulled back the door. As I did so, the stench that issued from the dungeon was so dreadful that it choked me at first. After I got a little used to it, I went into the dungeon, and saw Barbara squatting in one corner.''

''What was the general appearance of the cell?''

''Well, sir,'' replied the officer, ''it reminded me more than anything else of a pest-hole that has just been cleaned of its contents. The walls were slimy and black, and covered with filth, while the floor was one mass of offensive matter, except a spot here and there.''

''Was there no furniture in this dungeon?''

''No, sir; not the slightest article of furniture. There was not a thing in it but the rotten remains of what was once a hutch of straw in one corner, while in the middle of the floor were a flat, broken dish

with two or three mouldy potatoes, and a broken jug of water."

"What was the appearance of the inmate, Barbara?"

"Most horrible, sir. She was entirely naked, her body being covered with nothing but dirt, and here and there patches of long straggling hair and sores. She looked exactly like a wild beast that had been formed like a human being. And she uttered screams and cries at intervals so shrill and strange as to make me almost tremble with horror."

"Then she was not in her right mind?"

"I should judge so, sir. But I think that was caused by excessive nervousness and affright."

"Did the abbess make any remarks?"

"No, sir; not a word, until I told her to send a messenger for the Judge of the Court of Correction and the bishop to come to the Convent; and told her also that I would remain on guard at the dungeon until their arrival, in order that no alteration should be made."

"What did she say to that?"

"She fell upon her knees and begged me not to do so. But I remained steadfast in my resolution, and finally she was obliged to comply with my order."

THE DECISION OF THE COMMISSION.

A few other witnesses were examined; but as their testimony was merely corroborative of circumstances and dates in connection with the previous evidence, there is no necessity for repeating it here. The members of the Commission then dismissed all the witnesses and began their deliberation upon the case.

Never had men a more delicate or more unpleasant task to perform. But they were men whom no consideration could swerve from the direct line of duty, and they met the difficulty before them with nothing but a strict determination to do what was right.

Previous to beginning their council, the majority concluded to request the bishop to make any remarks upon the subject he might deem appropriate in the case. Thereupon he arose and said:

"*Gentlemen of the Commission:* Before I do anything else, I feel it incumbent upon me to make thankful acknowledgment to you, one and all, for your kindness and courtesy since the opening of this sad and terrible affair. My position in regard to the church and all institutions conducted under its fostering care, is peculiarly delicate, and in the present instance has given me much anxiety. There has, evidently, appeared to be an impression on the public mind that the authorities of the church, under the plea of not bringing our holy religion into disrepute, will wink at, and assist to conceal the facts

in the case of Sister Barbara Ubryk; and that, under the same plea, they will throw a cloak over the perpetrators and screen them from the punishment due to them. I wish, here and now, publicly, to correct that impression. I have made up my mind not only to not interpose my ecclesiastical power to protect them, but, as you are yourselves aware, to use my whole influence to have those who are guilty in this awful crime properly punished.

"I have done all that in me lies to furnish the civil authorities with facts and data in this case, and if in your deliberations you wish me, gentlemen, to do anything necessary to a better elucidation of your task, I shall take great pleasure in complying. Again thanking you sincerely for the uniform kindness and courtesy you have extended to me, I shall retire."

With these remarks the bishop left the room, and the commissioners began their work. They were not long in coming to a conclusion which was as follows:—

"We, the duly appointed Commissioners in the case of the nun, Barbara Ubryk, lately an inmate of the Carmelite Convent of Cracow, having fully examined all the witnesses in the matter, do hereby render the following decision, to wit:—

"That the said Barbara Ubryk has been for twenty-one years unlawfully imprisoned in a loathsome underground dungeon of the Carmelite Convent, and most cruelly and barbarously oppressed and maltreated by Mother Josepha, the abbess thereof, and Fr. Calenski, the Confessor thereof. We also find

that the said Barbara Ubryk was not of unsound mind, and therefore that it was entirely unnecessary to deprive her of her liberty.

"We recommend that, as Fr. Calenski by suicide has placed himself beyond reach of the law, an example should be made of the surviving partner of his in famous cruelty and wickedness, Mother Josepha, as a wholesome warning to all others in like positions of trust that such deeds cannot and shall not go unpunished.

(Signed) WILHELM FRANSKI,
J. TRELINGS,
LOUIS BREVERRICH,
J. P. HEILIGINSKI,
Commissioners of Examination."